[fic] Human AU: Ghosts

• Apr. 3rd, 2011 at 4:34 AM

Title: Human AU: Ghosts.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest, violence (kind of? not really though).
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, Raphael.
Word Count: 1,373 words.
Summary: Raphael shouldn't ask Lucifer questions when Michael and Gabriel are away.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt ghosts being used for this one. Twenty-one down, nine to go! (augh, must go faster w/ plot so I don't run out of prompts!)

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Lucifer runs his pencil across the page, frustrated with the limitations of the medium. He cannot convey everything he wants to convey, not when he the next time he will read this he will lack context, and words without voices carry no emotional overtones. Not English words, and he cannot write in Enochian and expect anything to be understood.

He debates breaking this pencil, like he did with the one before it, simply for the release of pent up energy, then decides against it. He has better control over himself than that, after all.

"Excuse me?" Raphael asks from the doorway, and Lucifer turns to look at him, unsure if he welcomes the interruption or not.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I know you don't want to answer questions right now…"

"Yet you have one. Come in, I can spare a few minutes."

Raphael looks strangely relieved as he comes into the room, hesitating before sitting on the bed.

Lucifer looks across the bed at him, then puts the pencil on the nightstand (where his writing surface had been) and circles the bed to sit next to him.

"What do you want to ask?"

He's gotten used to Raphael, or rather, this Raphael who doesn't know hatred or history or anything, really. Unlike Michael, Lucifer knows he's adjusted more quickly to this situation, if only because the years separating him from the Gabriel and Raphael of memories and who they are - or were, rather - the years have carried a different sort of weight for him. His memories are clear, unclouded by what his brothers became, simply by virtue of distance.

Lucifer remembers teaching Raphael how to fight. He remembers how Raphael's anger

had been fresh with the pain of betrayal then, and he remembers how Raphael had not yet learned how to turn that anger into a weapon, and he remembers why he did not kill Raphael even when the opportunity to do so presented itself.

Lucifer wasn't there when Raphael slew the first of his fallen bretheren, but he was there to teach Raphael how to defend himself, how to guard weaknesses, how to fight through pain, and most importantly how to fight when you were afraid.

Lucifer remembers how Raphael had looked relieved when backup had arrived in the form of two cherubim (when the other archangels had been locked in their own combat, when Lucifer had isolated Raphael from the main forces) and he remembers the expression on Raphael's face when Lucifer had destroyed them without taking his attention from Raphael.

He remembers slicing holes into Raphael's Grace and how he did not fight then to kill, but instead to hurt, to terrify -

Lucifer remembers when hours later he had finally let Raphael escape and then barely days later for the final confrontation he met Raphael upon the battlefield once more, and how he could see the changes within Raphael.

Lucifer knows that a large portion of the changes within Raphael came from what he did, and that he could have spared Raphael that pain.

That is what he is thinking as Raphael grips his knees and looks at Lucifer and asks: "Why does everyone here expect me to hate them?"

Lucifer looks back at his little brother and can't stop himself from smiling, even though he isn't happy in the slightest.

"Lucifer," Raphael says, impatient for an answer.

"I know why," Lucifer says.

"Why, then?"

Lucifer reaches to touch Raphael's cheek, then grips his throat with both hands, facing him now, strangling him, not intending to finish it here, but enough to make Raphael fear -

Raphael grips at his wrists and tries to speak, Lucifer can see fear in his eyes, and confusion, and as he runs closer and closer to death Lucifer can see fear beginning to bleed into frustration, and then into anger -

Lucifer lets go and steps back.

"That's why," Lucifer says, and circles around the bed to pick up his pencil.

"I - " Raphael coughs, rubbing his throat, breathing. "I don't understand - "

"You didn't want to die, not by my hand," Lucifer says softly, writing again. "You didn't want - "

Raphael cuts him off, speaking, sounding nothing at all like he is confused, or scared, " - didn't want to fall to the sword of the traitor, not to the beast who murdered family and sullied the name of the Father, nor did I want to *die* - "

Raphael cuts himself off now, and when Lucifer looks at him, he is pale.

"That's why," Lucifer repeats.

He watches Raphael flee from the room, and doesn't bother to follow.

Michael comes home to find Raphael in his room, sitting on the floor under the window, hugging his knees.

"What happened?"

Michael doesn't want to be concerned, he doesn't want to have to comfort Raphael, he doesn't want to have to go yell at Lucifer right now. (He *knows* without asking that Lucifer did something.)

Raphael shakes his head and slowly gets up, not looking at Michael.

"What did Lucifer do?"

"I'm fine," Raphael says. "I asked him a question. He answered me. I'm okay."

Michael studies him, then turns away so he doesn't have to see Raphael's face when he speaks.

"That's how he drives us apart, Raphael. If you can't talk to me, or trust me, then...then he's won. Again."

"Do you hate him?" Raphael asks, and Michael looks at his hands.

"I don't like him," Michael says. "There has been unpleasant history between us."

He turns around abruptly, shaking his head.

"You don't want to know details, you shouldn't be learning about all of this again," Michael says quickly. "It will only hurt and - " He stops himself from saying what he was about to say, but only briefly, and when he continues he is quieter. " - and it may have been a gift, how you forgot everything."

Raphael looks at him, and Michael can see how confused and hurting he is by whatever it is Lucifer told him, and Michael finds it in himself to want to help him.

It is strange, he has never held the role of healer before, he thinks.

"Okay," Raphael says, quieter, then louder. "I trust you."

"I know," Michael says. "Come downstairs with me?"

"Yes," Raphael says, and then he smiles at him.

Michael stills, staring at him.

He hasn't seen Raphael smile in a long time, he thinks, not without any form of bloodlust fueling it. He hasn't seen Raphael act as if he were *happy* in an even longer time.

"Is something wrong?" Raphael asks.

"No," Michael says, and knows he's not lying. Seeing Raphael smile - that's something that's gone right.

(Maybe he will need to thank Lucifer, later.)

"I'm going to show you a drink I like," Michael tells him as they walk. "Have you tried the milk? Yes? I know how to make it taste better."

That night Michael and Raphael sleep in the same bed, Gabriel crashes on the couch, and Lucifer doesn't sleep as he watches the ceiling, wondering when this period of waiting will be over.

He's hidden what he's written in the drawer, written a short note and folded it into his pocket that tells him where the notes are and that he should read them, and considers himself prepared for when he will forget.

He doesn't know what else he could do after that, not when he can't predict how he'll act when he's changed.

"Hey," Gabriel says from the doorway. "You still up?"

"Gabriel?"

"Yeah," Gabriel says, and Lucifer feels the bed shift. "Mind if I sleep here? I mean, Mike and Raph are sharing, so I thought it'd be okay if I was here, especially after earlier, y'know?"

"Mike?"

"Michael. What, do you guys never abbreviate your names?"

"No," Lucifer says, and lets Gabriel lift his arm so he can press close.

"Huh, okay," Gabriel murmurs, and Lucifer can hear how sleepy he is. "Night then."

"Sleep," Lucifer says, and closes his own eyes. It's difficult to think with Gabriel there, and his body is already asking for sleep, so now he lets himself slip off.

"Thank you," he hears Gabriel whisper, and then sleep sets in.

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